

THE

BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 26

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH 28, 1926

T was two hundred and fifty years ago, and Albany, instead of being a great city, was only a small-sized town. Cities change a great deal in two centuries and a half; but girls and boys do not change so much.

It was a holiday, so Jan Van Tywek had gone fishing. His sister Greetje could have liked to go, too. She had wakened at daybreak when the cowherd blew his horn outside in the street and had listened to the tinkling bell of her mother's own cow as it joined the others being driven to pasture.

Greetje had lain in her soft feather bed and remembered that to-day there was no school. Then she had called out very loudly: "Jan, I will go fishing this way."

"If you go fishing," Jan returned, "you will not go with me—I can tell you!" He spoke more crossly than usual because he had found his fish line knotted, and his square little fingers were working very hard to straighten it out.

Vrouw Van Tywek called to them then in her pleasant, deep voice, "Children, children, if you quarrel, you shall have breakfast."

"Oh, we're not quarreling!" they each answered quickly; and Jan added: "Is breakfast ready?"

The table in the kitchen was already set with queer old Dutch dishes—blue plates with pictures upon them and dainer earthenware. The food that their mother now placed there was also queer; but it was the breakfast Jan and Greetje were used to. There was buttermilk and bread, cheese and sausage. There was also a bowl of corn-meal mush and porridge which in Dutch was called "suppewijn."

Jan and Greetje scraped their dishes clean, and so did baby Maddaleen. She is a chubby, rosy-cheeked little girl with blue eyes and straight yellow hair which all Dutch babies have. Greetje hugged her on an average of at least once an hour all day long, for Maddaleen looked as though that was what she lived

clean the 'KAMER'."

"Oh—the 'KAMER'?" Greetje's eyes shone. That big dark front room was carefully cleaned once each week and kept immaculate for guests. None of the children ever entered it. Even Vrouw Van

Tywek left her shoes outside the door and stepped softly across the white sanded floor. More than once, Greetje had peeped longingly in to watch her mother while she worked, and she had wondered when she herself would be old enough to be allowed to go in and help.

Now, this morning, Greetje decided suddenly that fishing was too childish anyway, for a girl old enough to help clean the "kamer."

"Mother," she demanded, "when shall we begin?"

"I must first churn the butter."

Watching and waiting impatiently, Greetje thought that the butter was slower than ever in coming. But Vrouw Van Tywek was never impatient. This morning, she sang as she churned, and the words were an old Dutch charm.

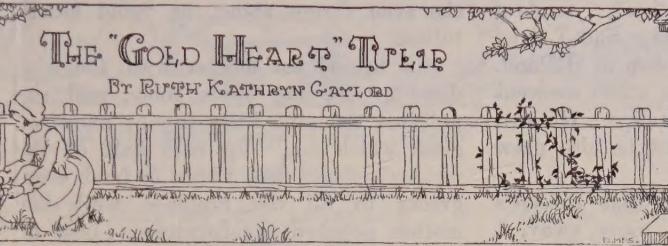
"Butterchee, butterchee, comm
Alican laidlechee tubichee vall."

Then, realizing how restless Greetje was, she said laughingly: "Run out now and see how many of the tulips have blossomed. I will call you when this is finished."

Greetje sprang up and skipped out to the trim little garden which filled their front yard. All the beds were laid out in neat squares with narrow borders of herbs. There were violets in bloom, and sweet-scented hyacinths. But Greetje passed them by and went to look at the tulips.

Years ago, when the Van Tyweks had first sailed up the Hudson River in a tiny Dutch ship, they had brought to their home on the new continent flower seeds and choice bulbs from Holland.

Of them all, Vrouw Van Tywek loved the "gold heart" tulip best. She had planted that bulb and watered and tended



in the world for — just to be loved.

Even Jan petted her, and this morning, when he had finished breakfast, he roughed up her hair with his fingers, as he walked away from the table. "I am going to catch you a fish so big, to-day," he promised, "that it would take you one whole week to eat it!"

Little Maddaleen's eyes grew bigger, as she watched her brother march toward the door.

"Mother, make Jan —" Greetje began.

But Vrouw Van Tywek answered soothingly: "You do not wish to go where you are not wanted! Moreover, if you went, I should not know what to do this morning without you; for to-day we shall



"We cried a great deal and feared we might never see each other again."

it so carefully that it could not possibly die. It had flourished; new bulbs had grown. Now there was a whole row of "gold hearts" running the length of the fence.

All her other flowers she shared, saving seeds for her neighbors and giving bulbs to new settlers; but the "gold heart" tulips she kept all for herself.

"You are so generous," Greetje's father, Mynheer Van Tywek, had once remarked, "why is it you will not share your 'gold hearts'?"

Greetje had been a tiny girl then, but she remembered her mother's answer: "Before I married you, Pieter, I made a promise. My friend Beletje and I lived side by side in our little town in Holland. There was a very old man whom we went often to see. He raised tulips. He sent the flowers to market, but he also grew many new kinds.

"When the time came that Beletje's parents were going to move away, I thought my heart was broken. We cried a great deal, both of us, and feared we might never see each other again. The old tulip man had just two of his new 'gold heart' tulips. He gave us each one and made us promise never to give them away. 'It may be,' he said, 'that in years to come one of you will see a "gold heart"; then you may know your friend is somewhere near.'" Vrouw Van Tywek wiped a tear off her cheek. "That is why, Pieter, that I am not generous also with my 'gold hearts.' It is fifteen years since I have seen or heard the name Beletje Cloos."

This morning, Greetje was remembering the story as she looked at the deep red petals of the tulip, each one having a splotch of heart-shaped gold.

"I wonder," she thought, "if perhaps there is another row of 'gold hearts' growing somewhere over in Holland; and I wonder if Beletje has a daughter who is wondering as I am."

It was a pretty idea but a rather sad one, and Greetje was glad when her friend, Jonica Schaets, came down the street.

"Come to my house and play," Jonica begged.

Very proudly, Greetje answered, "I can't. I am going to help my mother clean the 'kamer'."

"Oh-h!" breathed Jonica enviously. "I wish that my mother—" Then she changed the subject. "Will your mother let you take a 'gold heart' to school on Monday? If she does, you will get the prize for bringing the most beautiful flower! All I can take is a pink hyacinth."

"I suppose I will probably get the prize," Greetje answered, "for there is no flower in Albany so lovely as mother's 'gold hearts'."

"There is a new family in town," Jonica next told her. "They have been living on Long Island, but they have now

built a house down near the river. There is a girl about our age. Her name is Elsje."

Greetje was not particularly interested. "Elsje is my mother's name," she remarked.

At that moment, Vrouw Van Tywek appeared in the doorway. "Good day, little Jonica. Will you allow my daughter to come now and help me? Come in first, though, and you may each have a cruller."

All the rest of that morning, Greetje was so busy that she forgot all about the new family who had moved to Albany; she even forgot about the "gold heart" tulips.

She helped her mother wash the windows of the big spare room, and she polished the nine little square panes of glass which made up each half of the window. Then she brought in fresh evergreens to fill the fireplace, while her mother polished the furniture. Last of all, she watched her sweep the smooth white sand on the floor into curves and fancy figures with her broom. Then they came out and shut the door.

It was a relief, Greetje thought, to be once more in the familiar kitchen which always served as a living room, and which was not, like the "kamer," almost too good to use.

"One thing more," Vrouw Van Tywek decided; "we will put on a fresh chimney cloth." Across the huge fireplace, hung a little ruffled curtain. Greetje always thought the hearth looked very much "dressed up" with a clean red-checked frill hung above it.

Now as she looked at it proudly, she happened to remember. "Jonica says there is a new family come to live down near the river. Do you suppose the girl will go to school Monday?"

Sunday night, Greetje counted the "gold heart" tulips and found ten blossoms. There was a bud, too, which she was sure would be out in the morning: "I shall take that one," she planned.

But next morning, she was in a great hurry, and she could not find that special

blossom, so she hastily chose another. "Did you pick one?" she asked her mother, as she started for school.

"When do you think I could find time?" laughed Vrouw Van Tywek. "No, I have not picked one. You may have counted wrongly last night."

Dutch doors were all cut open in the middle, so the upper half might swing open as a window. Now Greetje's mother stood leaning over the lower half and watched her go down the street. She was knitting busily meanwhile on a little blue stocking for Maddaleen. When Greetje reached the corner and looked back to wave, she could see her mother's white cap and the glistening needle shining in the sunlight.

At the next corner, she met Jonica, and they walked to school together. Elsje, the new girl, was there and she had brought a flower. "I told her," said Jonica, "that there was going to be a prize."

Carrying her "gold heart" very carefully, Greetje walked up to the table on which the other flowers were laid. As she turned, she saw that Elsje also carried a tulip. It was a red tulip.

Greetje looked at it sharply. Then she exclaimed, "Jonica, see! It is a 'gold heart,' like mine. She must have stolen it. I counted ten blossoms last night in mother's garden, and to-day there were only nine."

"I did not steal it," cried the new girl with tears in her eyes. "We brought the tulip in a pot from Long Island. On this morning the bud opened. I did not steal yours!"

Greetje went home that noon with her eyes blazing. "The new girl stole one of my 'gold hearts' and took it —"

Her mother hushed her. "Little daughter, you must not be so sure. Wait, and I will tell you — Maddaleen had picked the tulip that you wanted. I found it in her playhouse."

"But — but —" Greetje stammered. "Then where did Elsje get the 'gold heart'?"

"The 'gold heart'? Daughter, tell me what you mean."

Greetje told her. "She said that she brought it from Long Island. Why where are you going? It is dinner time."

Vrouw Van Tywek had started toward the street. "I care not what time it is. Come with me, daughter, and show me where the new family live. You will apologize to Elsje, and I will ask her mother where she got the 'gold heart'."

But Vrouw Van Tywek did not finally ask that question. When the door opened she gave a little cry, and looking at the stranger closely, asked instead: "Beletje, is it really you?"

And Elsje's mother answered quickly. "It is really I. God bless the 'gold heart'

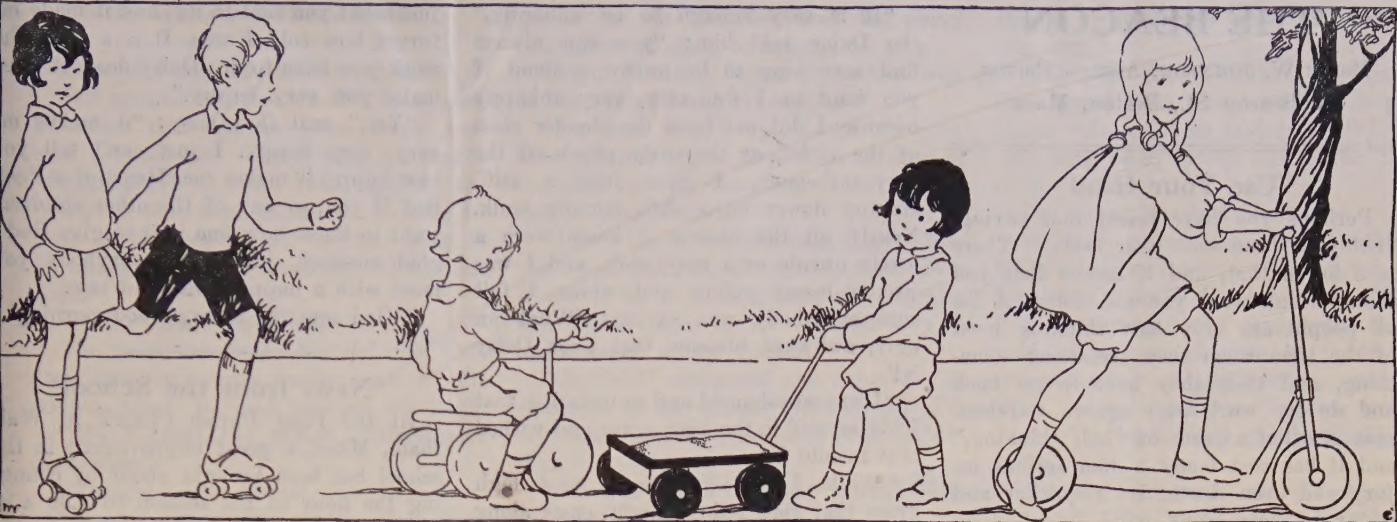
You Mustn't Mind It

BY MARJORIE DILLON

You mustn't mind the pranky wind,
It dearly loves to tease,
And tangle up your brand-new kites,
And hang them in the trees.

It whistles "Whoo!" and grabs your cap
And rolls it two blocks off,
And fills your eyes and nose with dust
To hear you sneeze and cough.

You mustn't mind the tricky wind,
That blows you home from school;
It's sort of rough, but don't you think
It's playing April Fool?



On the Sidewalks of Our Street

BY JOSEPHINE PERKINS

You ought to see the wheels go 'round
All up and down our street.
You ought to hear the merry sound
Made by our carts and feet.

HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM SMITH

*BY RUSSELL GORDON CARTER
CHAPTER II

WHEN William was dressed he seated himself at the head of the long table, in a high carved-back chair that made him feel absurdly little. Then the general, standing beside him, touched a bell.

In a few minutes the door opened, and in came a little man in a black suit; he had a short, pointed beard, and his eyes were blue like a china doll's.

"This is Lax, the Chancellor," whispered Gigi. Aloud he said, "His Majesty the King!"

The Chancellor looked startled and then defiant, but he bowed stiffly and sat down as William motioned to a chair at the side of the table.

Then in came a fat, bowlegged man with bushy black eyebrows and a wide black beard; he too was dressed in black.

"This is Von Gloom, the Minister of War," whispered Gigi. Aloud he said, "His Majesty the King!"

Von Gloom jerked his head stiffly and sat down beside Lax.

And then in came another man in black; his beard was red, and he wore big, round spectacles.

"This is Glum, the Minister of State," whispered the general, and, clearing his throat, announced, "His Majesty the King!"

Glum blinked and bit his under lip; then he slouched to a chair opposite the Chancellor.

The Minister of the Exchequer, Manx, came next and with a cat-like twitch of his mouth took his place beside Glum.

Why, there are little autos new
That look just like the real;
And "kiddie cars" and "scooters," too,
Yes, every kind of wheel.

Our sidewalk's smooth and very wide,
All up and down our street,
As all our wheels go 'round and 'round,
Pushed on by many feet.

His beard was short and gray, and he had thin white whiskers.

"Where's Sapp?" inquired Gigi irritably.

At that moment the Minister of the Interior entered, tying his black necktie. He was tall and thin, and his beard was yellow and parted in the middle like a bunch of seaweed on the bow of a boat.

"His Majesty the King!" said the general.

Sapp glowered fiercely and, seating himself noisily beside the Minister of War, proceeded to finish tying his necktie.

William glanced from one to another of the five blackcoated, unfriendly looking ministers; then he loosened his sword a bit in its scabbard.

Old Gigi tapped the table lightly. "Gentlemen," he said, "let me remind you that you are in the presence of his Majesty King William Smith of Bungalia!" Then with solemn emphasis and in a few words he told them of the last message of the late king and of his own success in finding and bringing to Bungalia the rightful heir to the throne.

"And now," he concluded, "his Majesty has something to say to you."

As a matter of fact, William had nothing at all to say. He gulped and moistened his lips. For a few moments no one moved an eyelash; then William, unable to bear the painful silence, brought his small fist down so smartly on the table that all the ministers jumped.

"This fighting throughout the kingdom

Oh, yes, we make a merry sound,
It's just the nicest place
To ride along close, side by side,
Or have a skating race.

must cease!" he announced. "That is our first great task."

Sapp sniffed. The others made no sign of having heard.

William rose with dignity. The ministers came reluctantly to their feet. Then the young king, followed by his one friend in all the realm, the faithful Gigi, passed out into the hall.

"A good beginning," said the old general. "You let them know you intend to be a strong king. Now your Majesty sees how things are. Come with me and we shall see more—and perhaps hear something, too."

He led the way down the corridor, up a flight of narrow stairs, through a dark passage and then into a room no larger than a closet. He drew back a panel in the wall, and the two got down on their hands and knees and peered through.

To William's astonishment they were above one of the galleries of the great hall they had just left. Below them they could see the long table. The five ministers were all seated again, and Sapp was occupying the chair that William had been occupying.

"He's got no right to sit there!" declared William hotly. "That's my chair!"

"Listen!" whispered the general.

Sapp was speaking: "Of course Gigi's right! The boy looks exactly like his uncle, but what's that got to do with it? I intend to be king, myself, I tell you!"

"No, sir!" cried Von Gloom. "I'm to be king! I deserve it!"

"Not so much as I do," retorted Lax positively.

"That's all very well," said Glum, "but unfortunately for all of you, I've decided to be king!"

(Continued on page 157)

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Use Your Head

Perhaps you have heard that saying, "Let your head save your heels." There is a lot in that, and it means that you should think what you are doing. A lot of people are only half thinking most of the time when they are doing something, and then they have to go back and do the work over again. Carelessness is often a form of "half thinking," and it has cost many a man serious injury and even death. It is quicker and easier to keep your mind intent upon what you are doing than to do the thing over again because you didn't use your head in the first place. W. F. R.

God's Good Morning

This is the Story the Daisy told to Heart-of-a-Poet

By Hewes Lancaster

It was a cold spring morning. The sky was so cloudy that the sun could not shine; the birds were shivering so hard that they could not sing. Heart-of-a-Poet was going along to school, coughing and sneezing, and thinking what a hard time he was going to have all day, when right in the grass at his feet he met a Daisy.

"My word, Daisy," he cried, "you poor little thing! What are you doing in that cold, wet grass?"

The Daisy smiled and said:

"God sent me to say Good-morning."

"You dear little darling! But you must be awfully cold!"

"There are worse things than being cold," the Daisy said.

Heart-of-a-Poet's feet were so numb and his fingers ached so that he could not think of anything that would be worse than being cold.

"Daisy," he said, "if you know of anything that is worse than being cold, I wish you would tell me what it is."

"Well," said the Daisy, "for one thing, it is worse to be unhappy than it is to be cold."

Heart-of-a-Poet looked down at the little flower that was smiling up at him out of its cup of white and gold.

"Daisy," he cried, "your heart is like sunshine and your smile is silver bright. What do you know about how it hurts to be unhappy?"

"I know all about it," the Daisy said, "for once upon a time I, myself, was very unhappy."

"You were unhappy?" Heart-of-a-Poet cried. "Why, Daisy, when it makes everybody feel happier just to look at you, how could you ever be unhappy?"

"It is easy enough to be unhappy," the Daisy told him; "you can always find something to be unhappy about if you want to. I was very, very unhappy because I did not have the slender stem of the violet, or the curly petals of the chrysanthemum. I was just a stiff, stumpy flower on a stiff, stumpy stalk. Nearly all the flowers I knew were a lovely purple or a rosy pink, and I was just a messy yellow and white. I felt sure everybody was saying: 'What an ugly, awkward blossom that poor Daisy is!'

"I was so ashamed and so unhappy that I hid myself in the high grass and wished that I could die.

"While I was moping in that high grass that glad fellow, Light, came along and laughed at me:

"What are you hanging your head for? Don't you know that a Daisy should never hang its head? Why, all the beauty you have is your heart of gold and your face of silver. Come, now, let's see you hold your head up."

"O Light," I cried, "how can I hold my head up when I am so unhappy?"

"But Light just laughed at me:

"Pray tell me why you are so unhappy."

"I am unhappy," I said, "because I am so awkward and so plain. There isn't anything beautiful about me."

"Oh, that's all right," Light said, "I'll go and ask the kind Lord God to give you a beautiful work to do and then people will be so busy looking at the beautiful work you do that they won't have time to think whether you are beautiful or not."

"O Light," I cried, "would you really do that for me?"

"Why, certainly," he said, "I'll go and ask the Lord God right now."

Pretty soon Light came running back, laughing as he ran:

"Here's a beautiful work for you to do," he shouted, "a sure enough beautiful work. You are to go into all sorts of uncomfortable places and unpleasant places; and you are to hold up your head and to smile into everybody's face, and say:

"God sent me to say Good-morning."

"Ah," cried Heart-of-a-Poet, "that's

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.

just what you said to me, and it made me forget how cold I was. It is a beautiful work you have to do, Daisy dear, it must make you very happy."

"Yes," said the Daisy; "it makes me very, very happy. I just can't tell you how happy it makes me, Heart-of-a-Poet. But if you, or any of the other children, want to know how fine it is to give God's glad message, just greet everybody you meet with a happy smile and say:

"God sent me to say Good-morning!"

News from the School

At the First Parish Church in Waltham, Mass., a great improvement in the school has been brought about by changing the hour of the session to 9.30 A.M. Each class in the Upper School is organized, with a leader, a name, and a motto. The class scoring the highest number of points for the month is awarded a banner, to be kept for a month and then reawarded. Points are as follows: 2 for attendance, — 1 if late; 2 for church attendance; 2 for home work; 2 for class work. Grades, names of organizations, and mottos are —

Grade II.	Big Brother Club.
Grade III.	The Busy Bees. "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."
Grade IV.	Knights of King Arthur. "Be thou strong and very courageous."
Grade V.	(Girls) Willing Workers. "Do a good turn daily."
Grade VI.	(Boys) The Unity Boys. "One for all and all for one."
Grade VII.	Knights of Christianity. "Deeds, not words."
Grade VIII.	Lend-a-Hand Club. "Look up and not down; look forward, not back; look out and not in; lend a hand."
Senior Girls.	Sigma Gamma Chi. "Union makes strength."

This latter is a training class for teachers. They are now studying James Freeman Clarke's *Manual of Unitarian Belief* and later will study Weigle's *The Pupil and the Teacher*.

A Boy Scout troop was organized in the school the first of December, after an inspiring Father-and-Son Dinner, and a Girl Scout troop held its first meeting on February 11.

A School Council is made up of one delegate to each class. Each councillor is responsible for some philanthropy about which he gets as full information as possible. When he recommends this to the Council, a vote is taken as to whether or not the school shall give, and if so how much.

His Majesty William Smith

(Continued from page 155)

"Not if I can help it!" cried Manx.

For several minutes the five continued to assert their claims. Then Sapp rose and silenced the others with his hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "the fact of the matter is that none of us can be king so long as the nephew of the late king is in the country. We must get rid of him first."

"How?" cried the others.

The minister's voice lowered till William and Gigi could hardly hear. "We'll kidnap him!" he said between his teeth.

"Ha!" cried the others. "Excellent! But when?"

"Tonight," said Sapp.

"Good!" agreed the others. Then they all leaned toward one another across the table and began to talk so softly that the listeners could not hear a word.

William looked with dismay at the old general. "What—what should a king do in a case like this, Gigi?" he whispered anxiously.

"I don't know," said Gigi mournfully. "I wish the army had guns and uniforms."

William and Gigi were in low spirits as they left the chamber with the secret panel. William bit his lips. "I'd certainly hate to be kidnapped the first day of my reign," he said.

They went upstairs to the king's chambers and ate breakfast together. William had decided that as long as he did remain king he was going to be democratic. He didn't mind at all eating with the general, especially since the general was his only friend in the country.

The rooms were big and luxuriously fitted; the walls were loaded with trophies of the chase, suits of armor and various weapons of the Middle Ages. William was pleased; it made him feel as if he were in a museum. There was a good view from the south windows, and he looked out over the river, expecting to see the battleship that had brought him on his long journey; but the vessel had gone. He spoke to Gigi about it.

"Yes, it's gone," said the general. "It's the only vessel in the navy, and we'd hate to lose her."

"But why should we lose her?" inquired William in astonishment.

The old man shook his head sadly. "If she were to lie out there at anchor very long," he replied, "the people would probably board her and tear her to pieces for the sake of the brass and the copper."

"But she has guns!" protested William. "I saw them. She could defend herself!"

Again Gigi shook his head sadly. "Guns, yes," he replied, "but no powder."

William frowned. An army without guns, a navy without powder, the civilian

population in disorder and the privy councillors plotting to kidnap the king!

"Gigi," he said, "what is the best way to keep from being kidnapped?"

"The best way," replied the old man after a pause, "is to have a lot of friends and stay among 'em; but first be sure they're your friends."

"Just what I was thinking, Gigi. But, you see, I don't know anybody here. How would it be to hold a sort of reception and invite folks to it? In that way I might make a few friends."

"Capital!" exclaimed the general. "A reception to the nobility of the land! I'll introduce your Majesty as a great nobleman."

"But I'm just a boy, you know," William protested.

"But your Majesty has a man-sized job," said Gigi.

"Yes, that's so," William admitted, thinking of his army without guns and his navy without powder.

"Very well," continued Gigi, "I'll introduce your Majesty as a young nobleman, and then if things look bright, I'll tell them turtle—I mean I'll announce you as the king."

"A good idea, Gigi!"

So right after breakfast William held a reception, in one of the ball rooms, for all the nobles of the realm. It was a grand affair. Countess Gigi was there, so were the Marquise of Carabas and her husband with their famous cat, the only cat in Bungalia that wore boots. The Duchess of Dumblebee was there with the duke of that great name; Sapp and the other ministers were there, and indeed all the nobles of the little land were present.

Right from the start William was popular. "Who is he?" was on everybody's lips. "Who is the handsome young noble, and where did he come from?"

But no one knew.

"General," whispered the Duchess of Dux, "what a bad boy you are! Who is this charming lad of yours? Rumor has it he stepped from the dreadnaught *Flora* only yesterday."

But Gigi only looked mysterious and smiled. Even when the Countess of Cax hinted to him that the boy had a chin that somehow reminded her of the late king, the old general only twisted his beard and remarked that chins had got many a person into a peck of trouble before now. Thereupon the countess made a little grimace and vowed revenge.

As for William, he enjoyed himself. It was good fun walking about, talking with the ladies and shaking hands with the men. At the end of half an hour he was sure that most of the nobles had taken a genuine fancy to him.

In the midst of the excitement old Gigi approached him and drew him to one side. "Your Majesty," he whispered, "I think

this is a favorable time for declaring you king."

And just then William had one of those great ideas that come only to great kings. "General," he said excitedly, "have that long table moved out to the centre of the hall!"

The general looked blank.

William smiled and then explained: "You're right, General; now is the time for folks to know I'm king. But I'd like it to be informal and democratic. So I'll hold king's council here in public and transact some business with my ministers. Then people will know I'm king without having to be told. I think they'll like it."

A great light came into the old man's face. "Excellent!" he exclaimed. "It will be novel and therefore popular. But what shall the business be?"

"You'll see," replied William. "Get the table out and summon the ministers."

Gigi hurried off to execute the order, and in a few moments servants were moving a table and chairs out into the centre of the room. Then, acting on the word of the general, one of the criers rang a bell and, as everyone turned and ceased talking, announced:

"The King's Privy Council will assemble!"

For several moments you could have heard a pin drop. Unbelief, astonishment, then curiosity and expectation passed in turn over the faces of the courtiers. The king? Why, there wasn't any king! And yet—

(To be continued)

Day before Spring

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

Oh, did you see the cherry tree
And all the other trees
Clapping their twigs and dancing
Before the gusty breeze?

I know why they are happy—
Spring, who is nearly here,
Has promised them new dresses—
The finest of the year!

Ruffles and frills of blossoms,
Bluebirds for trimming, too!
If I were promised such a frock
I should be happy too!

Funny Trees

BY J. LILLIAN VANDEVERE

Oh, I heard a great commotion
At the border of a brook.
What it was I'd not a notion,
But I thought I'd go and look.
Then a crow flew by, remarking,
"You'll be laughing, when you see,
For the dogwood is a-barking
At the pussy-willow tree!"



Dear Scribblers:

Here is another nice long list of new members in our Club, all of whom we are glad to welcome; and then here are some interesting letters which will, I am sure, make some of our older girls rush for their pens at once, eager to share in the thrills.

THE EDITOR.

New members of The Beacon Club from Massachusetts are:

Shirley Austin, 78 Dutcher St., Hopedale; Ray P. Austin, 46 Gilbert Rd., Belmont; Faith Therrien, 60 Warner St., Hudson; George Needham, 32 Fern St., Lexington; Lucilla Anderson, Grafton; Paul Walton, 310 Kent St., Brookline; Chase Dexter, 165 Park St., Medford; Ruby E. Thayer, 250 Pleasant St., Marlboro; Lucile Lombard, 143 Clark Road, Lowell; Marjorie Bean, 36 Hancock St., Medford; Isobel C. Cumming, 202 Parkview Ave., Lowell; George Williams, 47 Joy St., Boston.

1310 STOUGHTON ST.,
URBANA, ILLINOIS.

Dear Editor: I wonder if you have any members who live, or have lived, in Porto Rico? If you haven't, now behold one. At least, I would like to become a member if you will send me a pin.

I have lived in Porto Rico for five years, and just came to the United States in September to spend a year here. I like it here pretty well, but the climate is so different in Porto Rico, — summer all the year round.

I am just thirteen and I am a freshman in University High, which I think the finest school existing. I take French, English, General Science, Social Science and Algebra. I can speak Spanish just like a Spaniard, because that is the language spoken in Porto Rico.

I am also a Girl Scout, second class. I received "Girl Scout Short Stories" for Christmas, one of the books talked about in your "Bookshelf."

I like the *Beacon* stories lots, and I would love it if some other member would write to me. Although I have plenty of friends here, I think it is the *thrillingest* thing to get letters from some one I don't know very well.

Yours sincerely,

KATHLEEN DILLON.

Dear Cubs:

Awards for a prose article and a short story go, this week, to Vera LeGay, of Townsend, Mass., and Margaret Berecz, of Medford, Mass. The poetry award goes to Marjorie E. Bean, also of Medford.

THE EDITOR.

My Pet Rooster

BY VERA LEGAY (AGE 12)

I HAVE a favorite rooster who has got into the habit of calling me very early every morning when I'm in bed. Yesterday morning he crowed at me and it made me angry so I shouted at him to "keep still." It scared him so that he fell off the henhouse roof. This morning he surprised me by being very quiet and not waking me up at all.

Winter

BY MARJORIE BEREZ (AGE 13)

THE blast of the angry winter winds lashes against the windows. The light snow falls, slowly filling the paths and highways with an ermine blanket.

When it stops it has covered the world. Everything now is as brilliant as diamonds, and here we find a tiny branch of evergreen looking around this glorious world of glowing whiteness. And there we find a hemlock tree looking as black as ebony against its white background.

But this won't last forever and we shall see soon the spring with her pale green garments gradually turning to all glorious colors. But of course Winter is now in her evening gown, having her Ball of Balls.

A Winter Night

BY MARJORIE E. BEAN (AGE 14)

The lamplight shines in the windows
And the stars twinkle high in the sky;
Round the house the north wind blows,
The branches sway and sigh.
The fresh-fallen snow glistens white,
The trees like grim sentinels stand;
The roaring ocean in all its might
Beats up on the shifting sand.
All this is a wonderful sight
On the coast on a cold, wintry night.

Enigma

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 17, 8, 2, 6, 7, is something we take to school.

My 11, 15, 4, 9, is a period of time.

My 13, 14, 1, 2, is part of the face.

My 6, 3, 16, 17, is not warm.

My 10, 7, 5, 1, 12, is a boy's nickname.

My whole is a place where we like to be.

W. J.

Charade

My first is half of all the race;
My second's warm on head and face;
My whole each boy looks forward to
And plans great things that he will do.

M. L. H.

Word Square

1. A law.
2. Accustomed.
3. Thin.
4. A woman's name.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

Twisted Presidents

1. Sefejorn.
2. Ilnoeln.
3. Dsmaa.
4. Menoro.
5. Cdenavell.
6. Rignahd.
7. Avn Runeb.
8. Nosmida.
9. Reylt.
10. Osterverlo.

EVA HOLT.

A Diamond

1. A consonant.
2. Food for animals.
3. A bird.
4. Accord.
5. A color.
6. A numeral.
7. A consonant.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 24

Enigma. — William Howard Taft.

- Twisted Automobiles.** — 1. Chrysler.
2. Stutz. 3. Oldsmobile. 4. Franklin.
5. Wills Sainte Claire. 6. Chalmers.
7. Chevrolet. 8. Hupmobile. 9. Kissel.
10. Auburn.